

THE QUIVER

Saturday, May 4, 1872.



"He insisted upon dragging us through Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, and Spitalfields churchyards"—p. 485.

TWO STORIES IN ONE.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "SHIRLEY HALL ASYLUM," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

WE remained seated together for some time after the departure of the attaché, reviewing the conversation which had taken place with him, and the impression his visit had made on us. We were

singularly unanimous in our opinion—all admired him greatly; and yet, if our opinions had been analysed, it is more than possible that our admiration arose from different sources. My father spoke

with great pleasure on the interest M. Dubarry took in the descendants of the Huguenot emigrants.

"I was especially pleased," he said, "with the attention he showed to my description of the chapel in John Street. It is rare in the present day to meet with any one who takes an interest in matters of the kind."

I could have told my father—and possibly my mother could have done the same—that his guest seemed rather *ennuied* with the subject than otherwise—at least, judging from the expression of his face, although he evidently attempted to control it. However, my father was satisfied, and that was enough for me. My mother was pleased with him for the information he was able to give respecting the different individuals who had been present at the ball; and I with the prospect of the next to which we were to be invited.

About ten days after the visit of the attaché, a large note arrived, sealed with the French Ambassador's arms, and on opening it, to my great joy, it was found to contain an invitation to the Embassy. The invitation was a long one, and was not to come off till the end of the month: we were then scarcely at the beginning. I remembered, however, that there was as much pleasure in the anticipation as in the reality, and I consoled myself the best way I could with that reflection. Even my father, when he heard the invitation had arrived, showed not the slightest sign of disapprobation. And this neutrality on his part afforded both my mother and myself very great satisfaction.

Two days after the receipt of the invitation, to our great surprise, we received another note sealed with the arms of the French Ambassador. This, however, unlike the former, which had been addressed to my mother, was for my father. He was not at home when it arrived, nor did he return for some hours afterwards, much to my annoyance, as my curiosity had reached to an almost painful point. In fact, I began to fear that possibly something had occurred to put off the ball, and in such a case doubt was almost as painful as the reality. My father at last arrived at home, and on his opening the letter all my fears vanished, though my interest in it remained unabated.

The letter was from the attaché, who told us that immediately after his visit to our house he had written to his cousin in Normandy, telling him the facilities my father was possessed of for tracing up the ancestry of those Norman families at present residing in Spitalfields, some of whose ancestors had emigrated to England at the time of the persecution of the Protestants. So great an effect had been produced on his cousin's father, the Baron de Vernieuil, by this communication, that he had dispatched his son to England to endeavour to trace up some point on family matters in which he was greatly interested. The note went on to say:—

"The baron prides himself on being descended from one of the oldest families in Normandy, but there are still one or two points remaining to prove his descent in a perfectly satisfactory manner. My cousin has now arrived, and I am about to ask you the favour of allowing me to introduce him to you. He is a very gentlemanly, amiable man, and he desires me to say if you will accord him an interview, the favour will be most gratefully received by him. Any appointment you may make he will punctually attend to."

A family conclave was now held as to the answer we should give to the letter. Of course, my father was perfectly willing to grant the interview—in fact, the subject to be inquired into was one so pleasing to him, that I am persuaded he almost felt grateful for the application which had been made to him. On the other side, my mother did not not like the idea of the attaché and his cousin visiting at our house without some hospitality being shown them. The question was, however, at last solved to my father's perfect satisfaction. We were to invite the attaché and his cousin to a modest *déjeuner à la fourchette*. The custom was a French one, and that, to a great degree, compensated my father for not being able to provide such a dinner as he could have wished.

My father now answered the note, and appointed a day in the following week for them to come. By way of being fully prepared, I believe he spent some hours every day in searching the records of the Norman Society and of the school, so that he might refresh his memory on any of the points he might be asked. My father, moreover, wrote to the schoolmaster at Clapham, under whose care my brother Edmond had been placed, to allow him to return home for that day, stating as a reason that he thought it would be an excellent lesson of good breeding for him to remain for some hours in the society of two polished French gentlemen. The schoolmaster readily granted the permission, and early in the day Edmond arrived at home.

I must say, after the first pleasure of meeting my brother was over, I began somewhat to regret that his visit to us had not been made on a day when we should have had no company. It was some months since we had seen him, and he had grown so much, that his clothes were all too short for him, and he had a certain raw schoolboy air about him, which I thought would contrast somewhat unfavourably with the polished manners and appearance of the guests we were about to receive.

In due time, and at the moment when my mother and myself were on the tiptoe of expectation, our guests arrived. I need not say that both my father and mother received them with all the courtesy which was their due. The attaché introduced his cousin to us, each separately. I do not know why, but when he was introduced to me my face flushed slightly. Annoyed at the circumstance, I tried to repress it, but, as usual in such cases, it made matters still worse; and this was the more annoying to me as my parents might attribute it to the impression the stranger had made on me, who, being a remarkably handsome

graceful man, would have made such a conclusion the more natural. Nor was I in any manner whatever biassed in his favour by the effect of his first appearance, for when I brought him back to my mind after he had left us, and analysed with perfect coolness and self-possession his appearance, it seemed not more attractive to me than at the first moment I saw him. Certainly if the stranger noticed my behaviour, he had the good breeding not to let his knowledge appear, for his manner of addressing me was easy, gentlemanly, and polished in the extreme.

The first ice of introduction being broken, and the few ordinary inquiries of our new visitor, how long he had been in England, what he thought of the country, and similar questions being over, he explained to my father the immediate object of his visit. I am afraid if I attempted to give a correct description of it, I should fail. In the first place, it was rather a complicated one; and in the next I was so annoyed with myself for my foolish behaviour that I paid less attention than perhaps I ought to have done. As far as I can remember, he told my father as follows:—

That at the time of the Huguenot persecution, the senior branch of the family of De Vernieul, who had adopted the reformed religion, were obliged to leave France in such haste as to be able to save very little of their property. The second branch, from which he was descended, having remained faithful to the Catholic religion, had by interest at court obtained the estates and goods of the former. All the documents they possessed of the branch which had fled to England comprised a few letters imploring assistance in their necessity, but of which applications there was too much reason to believe no notice had been taken. The estates afterwards descended in direct line to the Baron de Vernieul (our visitor's father), who had improved them to such a degree that they were now of immense value. One subject, however, had always rankled in the baron's mind. He was exceedingly proud, and the doubt of his being the head of the family annoyed him greatly. He had lately heard that the senior branch which had emigrated to England was extinct; and if that could be proved, he would then be the principal representative of one of the oldest families in the north of France. M. de Vernieul said that he had brought with him a few documents, which he placed on the table before my father, but whether they were of any use he was unable to say.

My father took up the letters, and found they were of very ancient date. In them the writer implored the ancestor of the baron to assist them in their distress, and both letters were addressed from some house in Spitalfields. My father, after having examined the letters, said that the houses from which they were addressed were still in existence, and he had reason to believe that the very weaving-room windows which were placed in the house by the writer of the letters, were standing.

"With respect to the family being extinct," continued my father, "I believe it would be very difficult to find a member of it left. The only question is, whether some of them might not have emigrated to Coventry or Norfolk; but in either case I may be able to arrive at a certain conclusion. I remember the name on the list of pupils in the school for the *noblesse et bourgeoisie*, though not for the last thirty years; and another collateral proof that the family is extinct, is that there has been no manufacturer of that name of any eminence in London during the last half century. I will, however, make further inquiries on the subject, and I have no doubt I shall be able in a few days to obtain some reliable information."

The *déjeuner* now being ready, we went into the dining-room, and there seated ourselves at table. The conversation was carried on generally on different subjects, but ever and anon our new acquaintance's mission was reverted to.

Occasionally during the meal he addressed my brother Edmond, asking him at what school he was being educated, and whether he was not proud of his French descent. I was rather vexed at Edmond's reply, and that for two reasons—I thought it might annoy my father, and also that it was uncivil to M. de Vernieul.

"I am far more proud of being an Englishman than of being descended from a Frenchman, and always shall be," replied Edmond.

"But your father is of a different opinion."

"My father is as much an Englishman at heart as I am," said Edmond, bluntly.

"Edmond, my dear," said my mother, reprovingly.

"I mean what I say, mother. Have you not often told me that when Bonaparte threatened the invasion of England, not only did my father enlist as a volunteer, but he was so warm in the cause that they made him captain of his company?"

Seeing my mother somewhat embarrassed for a reply, the attaché broke in with, "Bravo, Edmond! I do not blame you for being proud of the country that gave you birth, and received your father, your grandfather, and others with open arms when they fled from a cruel and persecuting enemy in their own. You must not blame him for that, madam. In my opinion the feeling is doubly honourable in him, not only from England being the land of his birth, but of its being still dearer to him by the ties of gratitude."

Both my mother and father seemed thankful for the interference of the attaché, and I was perhaps more so than either. I do not know why, but Edmond seemed to have taken an especial aversion to M. de Vernieul, possibly feeling how ungainly a personage he himself appeared when compared with him—at least, if that was not the reason I know not what was, for he certainly treated Edmond with great civility the whole time we were at table. Though angry with my brother in my heart, I spoke endearingly to him several times during the breakfast. I

had determined that the feeling which had come over me on his entrance into the house after his return from school should not again present itself, and I am able to say I fully succeeded in my determination.

So happy were we that the time passed rapidly without our being aware of it, till the attaché called attention to the subject, stating that he was obliged to return to Portland Place. As the business on which M. de Vernieul had visited us was not finished, my father proposed to him to come another day, when they would devote the whole of the afternoon to the subject.

"If it would give you any satisfaction," said my father, "I shall be very happy to make a pilgrimage with you to the different localities formerly inhabited by families of Norman descent, as well as point out the house in which your ancestors, in whom you are interested, lived. I can assure you," continued my father, "you will find many things to interest you, and when you return to France, the baron your father will be much pleased to hear you relate them."

M. de Vernieul seemed overjoyed at the idea, and it was agreed that the following Monday he should again pay us a visit.

CHAPTER X.

M. DE VERNIEUL.

AFTER our guests had left us, my father called Edmond before him and scolded him soundly for his rude behaviour. Actuated by a feeling I had never before seen Edmond exhibit, for he was ordinarily most respectful to his father, he utterly refused to acknowledge himself in the wrong.

"I am an Englishman, father," he said, the tears coming into his eyes, "and I shall always be one. I am proud of my country and countrymen. Such a fop of a fellow is nothing to me, and I don't want to have anything to say to him."

"But I insist," said my father, "that you shall have something to say to him. I shall write to your master and request him to allow you to come home the day M. de Vernieul is expected next week, and then, sir, I desire you will behave to him with the civility due to one of my guests. When you have a house of your own you can behave in it in as ungentlemanly a manner as you please."

As soon as I was alone with Edmond, I addressed him mildly on his behaviour to our parents.

"I don't want," he said, "to speak rudely to them, and I am vexed with myself for it, but as for that French fellow, I hate him."

"But why, my dear Edmond?" I said; "I am sure he behaved with great politeness to you."

"What's the use of asking me why?" replied Edmond. "How can I tell you why? All I know is I hate him. It's always the same with you girls; you never see a tall handsome young fellow, who bows to you and pays you compliments, but you

think him perfection. I don't, at any rate. Now, Clara, I tell you what I shall do. At first I intended not to come home on the day he is invited; but on second thoughts I don't want to vex my father, so I shall obey him. But mark my words as an Englishman and a gentleman: if that Frenchman ever comes here again, and I am in the house, I'll quarrel with him. So now you know what will occur. I also know you can do as you like with my father and mother, so just manage to leave me out of the question whenever he visits here after next week. There now, good-bye, Clara; I don't want to say anything to offend you. I noticed, while that French fellow was here, that you were trying all you could to please me and put me in good humour. You are a dear good girl for your pains, and so let's part friends;" and I need hardly say we did.

When alone that evening I began to think more coolly over the appearance and behaviour of M. de Vernieul and the unreasonable aversion Edmond had taken to him. Look at it in any manner I might, nothing could have been more gentlemanly and courteous than he was. As to Edmond's idea that I had been taken by his handsome person, and the compliments he paid me, it was all nonsense. I could not remember one compliment he uttered during the whole time of his visit. I will not deny that I thought I perceived occasionally an expression of admiration on his countenance; but even of that I was not certain, and it would have been sheer vanity on my part to have admitted such to be the case. He was certainly remarkably handsome, tall and graceful, with an open intelligent countenance, large dark expressive eyes, and beautiful teeth. His language was choice and refined, and there was about him a total absence of anything like self-conceit. On the contrary, the patient manner he listened to my dear father's somewhat lengthy description of the history of the French emigrants, in which it was hardly to be imagined that he really possessed any very great interest, proved it. I should, however, see more of him in a few days, and then I could be better able to form an opinion respecting him.

On the morning of the day M. de Vernieul was expected Edmond arrived at home. I was the first to greet him.

"Clara, dear," he said to me, noticing the anxiety on my face, "be under no alarm about me. I have thought over my behaviour on the last occasion, and I shall not repeat it. After all, because the fellow's a puppy, it's no reason that I am not to play the gentleman. Now mark my words: I will be as civil to him to-day as I was rude to him last time; but I shall dislike him all the same."

"It is very wrong, Edmond," I said, "to hate anybody without a cause."

"I can't help my feelings, Clara, so it's no use teasing me about it. You shall have no cause to blame me for my behaviour to-day, so let that content you."

Knowing Edmond's irritable disposition, I thought it better to say nothing further on the subject, and shortly afterwards, while my brother and I were by ourselves in the drawing-room, M. de Vernieul was announced.

I must say I felt somewhat confused at the moment, as well as annoyed that my father and mother were not present. M. de Vernieul addressed me with the same easy and respectful, yet self-reliant politeness, he had done the last time we met. He also addressed Edmond in a manner he would any gentleman his equal. I must say I was astonished at Edmond's behaviour. Instead of playing the awkward schoolboy, as he had done on the former occasion, and which he certainly looked on the present, he replied to M. de Vernieul with as much easy gentlemanly assurance as if he had been bred up in the atmosphere of a court all his life. M. de Vernieul seemed somewhat surprised, but made no remark, and turning round, he addressed me, saying that he hoped his visit was not inopportune. I replied that it was not so in the least, that I was sorry my father and mother were not there, but they would be in a few minutes.

"Pray pardon my father," Edmond said, with the same easy assurance of manner as before; "he is no doubt detained on business. If you will excuse me, I will see where he is."

"Oh, pray do not trouble yourself," said M. de Vernieul.

Edmond, however, had already left the room, and I was alone with our guest. Although but a few minutes elapsed before Edmond returned with my father, it seemed to me almost an age. And what do you imagine, reader, was the conversation that passed between us? Not a word was uttered by either. M. de Vernieul seemed embarrassed, but eager to speak, and yet could not find words; while I sat motionless and equally silent. I thought afterwards I must have made a very ridiculous figure, gazing sheepishly on the ground, and that, without the slightest reason or excuse for my behaviour. Fortunately my painful position was broken by the entrance of my father and mother.

After a little conversation on general matters, my father told M. de Vernieul that since his last visit he had been busily engaged in making inquiries respecting his ancestors, but from all he could learn, and he had consulted many of the oldest weavers of French descent in Spitalfields, he was led to conclude that the family, in London at least, was certainly extinct.

"And now," continued my father, "let me ask if you still wish to make a pilgrimage with me through the different localities formerly inhabited by our Huguenot ancestors?"

M. de Vernieul assured my father there was nothing he had more at heart, and that the greatest treat he could afford him would be to conduct him through some of those localities so full of interesting reminiscences. And this he said with so much earnestness

that it was impossible to doubt the truthfulness of his statement. My mother now proposed that before starting M. de Vernieul should partake of some refreshment, but my father, having entered upon his favourite subject, objected to the arrangement, and suggested that they should first make their tour of investigation, and then return home to luncheon; and this was at last agreed to. It was nearly three hours before they returned to the house, M. de Vernieul and Edmond seeming thoroughly fatigued, especially the former. My father also appeared to have suffered from his exertions, but not so much as the others, the interest he had taken in the investigation evidently supporting him during the time. Noticing the jaded appearance on M. de Vernieul's countenance, my mother said to him, "I am sure you must have had a very long walk, you look so fatigued."

"Do I indeed, madam?" he replied, "I can assure you I do not feel so. But after all if I am tired, thanks to the interesting nature of our investigations, I do not feel the sensation. Allow me to hold you to your promise, M. Levesque, to let me examine with you the registers of the different churches you mentioned. It will afford additional security to my father, that there is no probability of any one starting forward to deprive him of the honour of being the head of the De Vernieul family."

My father willingly made the promise; an early day was mentioned for our guest's next visit, and then he shortly after left us. My father and mother also quitted the room, leaving Edmond alone with me. He immediately relapsed into his lounging schoolboy manner, and looked sullen and discontented. Impelled by curiosity to know the adventures which had taken place during their walk in the morning, I asked Edmond to narrate them to me.

"Oh! don't ask me, it almost makes me sick to think of it. My father first took the Frenchman to see the weaver's house, in which his ancestors lived, when they began to occupy themselves with weaving, and he pointed out the loom windows as being the original ones which were placed in by them. And then, of course, we went to the chapel in John Street, the one which my grandfather exerted himself so manfully to build, and which, by-the-bye, was the ugliest-looking conventicle of the whole. Then he took us into a public-house, in one of the rooms of which he told us the Norman Society was held, and he showed us as a great curiosity the minute book, as if any human being could care a straw about it. Not content with that, he insisted upon dragging us through Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, and Spitalfields churchyards, and pointed out the different French names on the tombstones, narrating to us the history of every individual therein interred, including their birth, parentage, and education. I've lately been reading Walter Scott's 'Tales of my Landlord,' and the idea occasionally, and somewhat irreverently crossed my mind that my

father would not make a bad type of a French 'Old Mortality.' I really believe, if he could have got a chisel and hammer, he would have attempted to make some of the inscriptions on the tombstones more legible than they were."

"Edmond," I said to him, "I do not like to hear you speak of papa in that manner. If researches into the lives of his ancestors be only a crotchet with him, at any rate we ought to respect it. It is both a harmless and an honourable one."

"Very likely," said Edmond; "and perhaps I should not have made the remark at all if I were not persuaded that French fellow is trifling with him. What should he care more about the names on the tombstones here than in France? And then he is coming here again. What can it all mean?"

I made no remark, and we both continued silent for some minutes. Then Edmond, after looking at me for a moment, said, "Clara, you're a very pretty girl."

"Who told you that?" said I, laughing.

"De Vernieul did, by his acts if not by his words. Take care, Clara, and don't be falling in love with that mountebank. I should be sorry to lose you, but you will be no longer a sister of mine if you do."

For the first moment I was so surprised at Edmond's remark that I could not answer him. Then surprise vanished, and anger supplied its place. I scolded him soundly for his impertinence, but he maintained his point. A violent quarrel ensued between us, and for the first time in our lives we parted fairly in anger.
(*To be continued.*)

THE DAY OF PENTECOST.—IV.

THE EFFECTS OF ST. PETER'S DISCOURSE (Acts ii. 37—47).



HE sting of St. Peter's speech lay in its last sentence. Basing his argument on the prophecy of Joel and the Psalms of David; proving, on authorities from which there was no appeal, that the Messiah must needs die and rise again from the dead to shed forth his Spirit on all flesh: carrying his audience therefore completely with him through every stage of his argument, the apostle at last turns upon them with the dreadful charge that it is they who, with lawless hands, have crucified in Jesus the Nazarene Him whom God had made both Lord and Christ. No marvel that, as they listened, they were "stung with compunction:" for the Christ was the hope and glory of their race; prophets had afore announced his coming as the crowning benediction of Israel; psalmists had broken into their keenest raptures, into their sweetest, loftiest verse, as they sung his victorious reign; generation after generation had longed and sighed for his advent; they themselves had prayed that they should not see death till they had seen the Lord's Christ: and, lo! he had come to them, and they had not recognised him!—he, in whose day David and Joel had rejoiced from afar, had gone in and out among them, speaking the most gracious words that ever fell from human lips, authenticated of God by powers and prodigies and signs none other had ever wrought, and they had condemned the Consolation and Glory of Israel to the cross of a slave! No marvel that the charge of Peter stung and broke their hearts. They felt, they admitted, its truth; they had no defence to make; they were without excuse. Bewildered by vague alarms of conscience, utterly destitute of resource or hope,

they cry to the apostles, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

Do! what *can* they do? Is there any chance or prospect for men so blind and dead?—for men who even when they saw God manifest in the flesh glorified him not as God, neither were thankful?—for men whom incarnate Love failed to move, or had moved only to a murderous hate?

Yes, there is hope even for these—hope therefore for all. The holy apostle carries to them the same good tidings which have come to us. He replies to their hopeless agony of appeal, "Repent, and be baptised, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ; and your sins shall be remitted; you shall share with us the gift of the Holy Ghost." Nay, for their further encouragement, in order to assure their dubious hearts with "words of so sweet breath composed" that they should not be able to resist the grace with which he spoke, he falls back on the prophecy of Joel which he had already cited, and reminds them that "*the* promise of the Father"—the promise of the Holy Ghost—was expressly given to *them*, and to their children, and to all their brethren scattered through distant lands; and, in short, to whomsoever would respond to the gracious call of God. He enlarges on this theme; he rebukes and comforts them "in many words" for which the sacred historian could not find room—the pith of all his exhortations being, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation;" detach yourselves from the perverse age which crucified your Lord and Christ, and he will save you, whatever sins you may have committed against him.

The whole exhortation tended to one point—a point which happily it reached. Its burden was:

"Save yourselves from this generation; separate yourselves from it; come out from it and its sins." First of all, they were to "*repent*," or, as the Greek word implies, to change the bent and posture of their minds. They had held Jesus the Nazarene to be an impostor and blasphemer, making himself equal with God, and assuming to be the Messiah he was not. If they now held him in very deed to be Lord and Christ, their mental attitude toward him was radically changed, and would change still more profoundly as they were instructed in his doctrine. Already, they were ashamed of their former hostility to him; now, let enmity give place to love. They were in mortal fear because of their offences against him; let them understand him better and know his measureless grace, and fear would give place to hope. To this repentance—this change of mental and emotional attitude, they were to add baptism into his name, a public avowal of attachment and loyalty to him; and thus, by their changed conceptions of him, and by their open avowal of faith in him as the Lord's Christ, they would decisively *cut themselves off* from the untoward generation which still held him to be an enemy to the Hebrew Commonwealth instead of its Lord, and therefore still harboured enmity against him.

This may not seem a sufficiently spiritual interpretation of St. Peter's exhortation to repentance and baptism, but it probably gives very much the sense in which the three thousand converts, as yet, understood it. For, so far, they were little instructed in the heavenly hopes of the Gospel; its more spiritual elements and characteristics would evade the grasp of their unspiritual minds. Hence we read that "they steadfastly addicted themselves to the instruction of the apostles, and to the fellowship, and to the breaking of bread, and to the times of prayer." They were entering on a whole new world of thought and activity. They had much to learn, much also to unlearn. They were *converted*, *turned round* by the wisdom and spirit with which Peter spoke; their attitude toward Jesus of Nazareth was radically changed; him whom they had crucified they now worshipped and obeyed. But we should altogether mistake their position were we to assume that their minds were suddenly and miraculously enlightened on all that was involved in the death of Christ, and in the call to his service. Under the stress of a single overwhelming conviction they had broken with the Jewish and united themselves to the Christian community; but the truth as it is in Jesus was, for the most part, still a hidden mystery to them. They had still to learn what their baptism, their vow of obedience, involved. And hence it was that "they steadfastly addicted themselves to the instruction of the apostles, and to the fellowship, and to the breaking of bread, and to the times of prayer."

Each of these phrases has a distinct and special meaning. The meaning of the first—"they addicted themselves to the instruction of the apostles"—is sufficiently obvious. The very first effect of St. Peter's discourse was that it set the Jewish converts thinking and inquiring. They would want to hear the whole story of the life and death of Jesus from those who had companied with him from the beginning; to learn how his sayings and doings fitted into the framework of Messianic prediction, and how they bore on the lives and duties of men. On all these points the apostles would instruct them, convincing them out of the Scriptures that Jesus was the Christ of whom their Hebrew fathers had spoken, urging them to become partakers of his death and of his resurrection from the dead.

But what would strike these converts as no less novel and original than "the instruction of the apostles," what would be even more attractive to them, was the mode of life which had obtained in the Christian community since the ascension of the Lord. While he was still with them, the apostles had formed a moving household, going with him whithersoever he went, dwelling where he dwelt, eating of one table with him. So, too, the disciples outside the apostolic circle appear to have regarded themselves as members of his family, and to have met his immediate followers as brothers and sisters, not simply as fellow-citizens or fellow-worshippers; and when he went up on high, the little company of believers in Jerusalem "continued with one accord in one place," living together on pleasant equal terms as members of one family—a family whose ties were drawn very close by the bitter and general enmity to which they were exposed from without. This happy *fellowship* of kindred minds was the spectacle which took, and held, the eyes of the three thousand converts. They were strangers out of every nation under heaven, separated from each other by diversities of race and habit and tongue. Though they were of one faith—for they were all either Jews or proselytes—their faith was but a slack bond of union, since the very Temple itself was a scene of strife between warring sects and factions. Galilean and Judean, Hellenist and Hebrew, Pharisee and Sadducee, Herodian, Sanhedrist, and Roman partisan wrangled among themselves and with each other. Every clique, every school, every faction, every race had its separate synagogue where they worshipped apart. Is it any wonder that men whose very religion was a dispute, and whose most solemn acts of worship often broke into bloody frays, when they saw the little band of Christians "of one heart and one mind," meeting "with one accord in one place," were arrested by a spectacle so singular, attracted by a "fellowship" so pure and tender and har-

monious? Here were "about a hundred and twenty" men and women of different races, grades, cultures, living together not only in an unbroken concord of worship and affection, but in a holy enthusiasm of love which made each the servant of all, and forbade any one of them to say that aught of the things which he possessed was his own! With what an eager gladness would the strangers out of every nation addict themselves to such a fellowship as this, and find themselves welcomed into a family and possessed of a home alive with love and goodwill!

"They steadfastly addicted themselves . . . to the fellowship." Who would not gladly attach himself to a fellowship so pure and gracious? Our own hearts tell us with what admiration the three thousand converts would contemplate it. What questions would rise to their lips! "Do you really hold all things in common? Do you always have these daily meetings for worship? Do you day by day go from house to house, eating at each other's tables with gladness and simplicity of heart? Does this strong fervent attachment, this family warmth and unity, extend to all who are in Christ? Is your concord never broken by the vanity, self-will, coldness, greed of this member of the Church or that?" Yes; we can easily understand how such a "fellowship" as this should prove even a more awakening and convincing means of grace than the very teaching of the apostles themselves. We cannot even glance at it without breathing the prayer, that this Divine charity, which alone can conquer the world, may soon once more glow on the hearth of the Church, and shed its cheerful inviting rays through casement and door.

They also addicted themselves "to the breaking of the bread." The Christian family sat at one table; while Jesus was yet with them he broke bread with them. And there would seem to have been something unique and characteristic in his mode of breaking bread; for his disciples who walked with him to Emmaus after his resurrection, although they did not recognise him either by countenance or speech, knew him the moment he broke bread with them. This method of communion with each other was hallowed to the first disciples by many sacred memories. They could hardly sit down to any common meal without vividly recalling Him who had so often broken bread with them, and who, at the Eucharistical Supper, had for ever consecrated bread and wine. Hence there grew up among them the *agapæ*, the feasts of charity, in which their unity of thought and affection were expressed by their common participation of a meal. Such a meal seems always to have preceded, or to have been part of, the Lord's Supper in primitive times; and we can easily comprehend how, to such inbred ritualists

as the Jews, this simple Christian rite would have special attractions; that the three thousand would delight in it, and in asking after its meaning, both because they were Jews, and therefore accustomed to lay stress on ritual acts, and because it gave them fresh assurance that, though they had lain lawless hands on Jesus the Christ, they were, nevertheless, one with those who had been faithful to him from the first. To them the *agapæ*, rising to their solemn eucharistical close, would be singularly welcome. They would naturally addict themselves to "the breaking of the bread."

But what were "the times of prayer" to which also they steadfastly adhered? Doubtless they were the three hours appointed for public worship by the Hebrew ritual for morning, noon, and evening prayer. For in the earlier chapters of the Acts we find constant reference to the Jewish hours of prayer, and to the fact that the Christian disciples still observed them. In the 46th verse of this chapter, for instance, we are told that the Christian Church was "steadfast in attending the Temple;" and in the 1st verse of the next chapter we meet Peter and John going up to the Temple "at the hour of prayer." Yet the three thousand converts might well doubt whether their new faith would permit them to retain their old customs of worship. For the main stress of St. Peter's exhortation was, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation;" and the Temple was the very centre and stronghold of that generation. It was the chief priests who had beguiled the men of that generation into their blind furious hatred of the Nazarene. It was the high priest who had virtually condemned him to death. It was for making himself "greater than the Temple" that he was hated and condemned. Could they, the converts who now worshipped Jesus as Lord and Christ, join in a worship conducted by those wicked priests, in a Temple which Jesus had abandoned and doomed? If, above all, they were to detach themselves from that perverse generation, must they not detach themselves from the Temple and its services? These were natural and obvious questions, scruples, doubts; and therefore the fact is noted that the three thousand not only listened to the teaching of the apostles, not only joined the Christian fellowship, not only addicted themselves to the breaking of the bread, but also observed the Hebrew times of prayer, and frequented the dishonoured sanctuary of the Jews. The gift of the Holy Ghost did not cancel the need of prayer; the communion from house to house did not cancel the need of public worship; and as the Temple was open to them, and the times of prayer were convenient, they still worshipped in the Temple at the sacred hours. They need break away from no good custom of their former lives. They were to detach themselves from that untoward generation, not



(Drawn by W. CRUICKSHANK.)

"Ah, what joy we children know,
When God's goodness brings the Spring!"—p. 491.

by any affectation of singularity, nor by an ostentatious resignation of former habits of worship, but by the power and fervour of their new spiritual life.

Thus taught and disciplined in righteousness, the three thousand converts were soon one in heart and soul with the hundred and twenty who were in Christ before them; and in a few brief touches St. Luke describes the marvellous freshness, simplicity, and energy of the Church in these morning hours of her long day. In the concluding verses of this chapter, he is not describing—we must mark this—a single act or series of acts, but a gradual process which extended through many weeks and months, as indeed the Greek verbs he uses abundantly prove. We should translate “All who believed *were holding* (not *held*) all things in common . . . *were selling* (not *sold*) their estates and goods . . . and *were dividing* (not *divided*) them among all as each had need.” For thus we best convey the impression that the

Church was habitually occupied in acts of charity, self-sacrifice, piety, not strung up to a singular fervour and activity for a special occasion.

Ah, true Church! ah, happy time! That happy time may be ours, will be ours, so soon as we compose as true a Church. When once we are as earnestly bent on each other's welfare, as steadfastly addicted to Christian instruction, to the fellowship of the saints, to the breaking of the bread, to the times of prayer, we shall enter into the simplicity, and freedom, and gladness of early times, and draw to our communion those whose hearts the Lord has touched. We may well be “stung with compunction” as we compare ourselves even with those whose once “lawless hands” we have seen clasped in the bonds of a sacred and inviolable amity. We may well be animated by hope if, despite our manifold weaknesses and sins, we are nevertheless striving to breathe the spirit of love, the life of charity, into that which is formal and selfish and dead.

TWO HOURS IN A NIGHT REFUGE.

IN the Southwark Bridge Road, surrounded by some of the poorest dwellings to be found in South London, stands a homely brick building, having more the appearance of a manufactory than anything else, and which it is likely ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would pass without observing. A large gateway occupies the centre: on one side of this gateway is a window, closely barred, and on the other a small door, over which is written, “South London Night Refuge,” while on the door itself is posted a bill which sets forth that the Refuge is open for the reception of men and women of good character who have been rendered homeless through misfortune or lack of employment, but that regular tramps, casuals, and beggars cannot be admitted. This inscription caught my eye whilst walking, a few days since, through the road in question: and as it appeared to offer as good an opportunity for seeing poverty in its genuine aspect as could well be met with, I resolved to gain admission to the interior. On ringing the bell, the door opened, and I found myself in a kind of covered yard, about 10 feet long by 8 feet wide; the floor was tiled, and at one end was a fire burning brightly, while the whole appearance was neat and clean. Having stated my wishes to the superintendent, they were courteously acceded to by him.

“You have come at a fortunate time,” said he, “for the children are about to have dinner.”

Following him up a staircase, I could hear a babel of voices coming from a room at the top.

On reaching the door I looked in, and saw a long, low-roofed room, which was filled with a crowd of little heads, moving to and fro, while above the clatter of some two hundred tongues rose the voice of the schoolmaster, as he strove to maintain something like order among his ragged troop. The day was foggy and the room was dark, but it could be easily seen that something much more interesting than spelling and writing was going on, even if the fragrant steam coming from two boilers at one end of the room had not been sufficient to announce the fact. Standing in front of the boilers was a dozen or so of little urchins waiting to have their share of the soup, which was rapidly being ladled into tin pannikins. The children, it was at once apparent, were of the poorest class. The clothing of many was nothing better than rags; of others it had been made up of odds and ends of cast-off garments several sizes too large, although here and there, especially among the girls, might be seen one or two who showed traces of a mother's care. The appearance of the greater number told, however, of poverty and neglect, and it is almost unnecessary to describe them further, since every Londoner has seen them, either selling fuses, turning somersaults, or forming part of every street demonstration, from a Lord Mayor's procession to a Punch-and-Judy show. One difference there was, and a very striking one too—their faces were clean, and being so, it was impossible not to be struck with the many intelligent countenances, sharpened as they were by the experience of a street life. This cleanliness, I may say, was not

owing to any love for soap and water on the part of the children themselves, but was due to a rule of the institution, rigidly observed, and for the carrying out of which a lavatory is provided.

To see the evident enjoyment with which the children devoured the contents of their basins was enough to make an observer put his hand in his pocket, search for a stray sovereign, and send out to the nearest butcher's shop. Seated on the ground was a picnic of youngsters, eagerly swallowing their soup; not very far off would be another group, comparing notes as to the possession of the largest lump of meat, while every form in the place was occupied by children, from the baby of a twelvemonth old up to boys and girls of the mature age of ten.

"What did you have for your dinner yesterday?" said the superintendent to a bright-eyed, fresh-coloured boy.

"Didn't have any, sir."

"How was that?"

"Mother was out all day."

"What's your father?"

"Sells things in the street, sir."

"Didn't he bring home any money?"

"He hadn't got enough to pay the rent."

"Didn't you have anything to eat at all?"

"Had some supper when mother came home."

"What did *you* have?" to another boy, whose clothes were so ragged that it was a marvel how they were held together at all.

"A slice of bread, sir."

"Was that the only thing you had all day?"

"Yes, sir."

The replies of these two boys will serve as a sample of all the rest. Some had dined off dry bread, a few had had a little meat (this, however, was accounted for by the previous day being Sunday, on which day even the poorest person likes to have something extra), but the majority had gone without. No wonder, then, the soup disappeared so quickly. One young gentleman there was, however, who found fault with his soup; but he must certainly have dined off meat the previous day. He was about four years old, dressed in a

coat that reached to his heels, and with a fullgrown wideawake on his head. Being asked how he liked his dinner, he merely nodded, as if unwilling to commit himself by a verbal reply.

"*He* don't like it," said a sharp-looking boy, evidently delighted to point out the criminal.

"And why don't you like it?" (to the criminal.)

"I dunno; 'cause I don't."

Looks of pity and contempt were showered upon the holder of such radical opinions, who met them with a dignified silence, and refused to say anything more.

I may say that the soup is made from broken victuals collected daily from large city establishments. It is cooked by means of steam, and forms a very palatable and tasty Irish stew. These dinners, which are given three times a week, are a most important adjunct to the schools, and the plan is one really worth the consideration of the London School Board. Every one who has had anything to do with ragged schools will admit the difficulty of getting the children to attend regularly. Their home is the street: consequently, the little good they receive at school is speedily undone. Mr. Carter, by whose exertions the South London Refuge was founded and is maintained, with a profound knowledge of human nature, attacks the children in their weakest point—the stomach; and certainly the success he has met with is extremely encouraging.

The institution in Southwark, commenced in 1864 as a Night Refuge solely, has, since the addition of this ragged school some two years ago, gone on quietly teaching and feeding these poor children, and were the rooms twice the size, they could fill them without difficulty. On inquiry I found that, besides the ragged school, there were also attached to the Refuge a shoeblack brigade, a maternity society, a soup kitchen, and a home for destitute servant-girls; while it was also in communication with various hospitals, charitable societies, and the relieving officers of the district. In fact, the superintendent states that a case of distress can scarcely come before him with which, in some shape or other, he cannot deal.

SWEET SPRING.



OME, sweet Spring with skies of blue,
Bursts of leaves, and fields of flowers,
Bees and sunshine come with you,
Songs of birds and gentle showers.

Yellow primroses we see
In the woods and on the banks,
For the dear anemone,
Pleasant Spring, we give you thanks.

We can tell when you are near,
Then each tree a new dress gets;

Gardens say when you are here
With snowdrops and violets.

You will fill the fields with sun,
You will make them warm and bright;
Through the buttercups we'll run;
Fill our laps with daisies white.

Good-bye fires, and fogs, and snow;
We shall hear the glad birds sing;
Ah, what joy we children know,
When God's goodness brings the Spring!

JEALOUSY.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."—COLERIDGE.



LICE GREY was the prettiest, tidiest, and most modest little woman who ever made bonnets beautiful, to earn her bread. She lived with another young milliner in lodgings in a small brick house, kept by a solemn old widow woman, who extended to them a kind of step-motherly protection, half cross, half loving. Here they slept together in a room which would not have been too large for a bird's nest, and breakfasted together in a parlour which would have suited well enough for a china cupboard. Then they walked off, different ways, to their warerooms, and returned home to supper, within five minutes of each other, very late; and often they were so tired with much work, and so pinched by scanty pay, that they had no appetite for their weak tea and stale bread, and this saved one or two pence, but perhaps laid up for them the seeds of ailments that might cost shillings for every penny, by-and-by. One thing, however, befriended little Alice greatly. An aunt of hers was married to a small farmer, a little way outside the town; and nearly every week their son John Harris drove her out to "the Dairy," to spend Sunday with the old folks. John was a clerk in the office of Messrs. Lace, Glover, and Jackitt, for whom Alice trimmed bonnets. But he could not bring her out with him on Saturdays, nor back on Mondays, because delicate girls were not supposed to need the half-holiday which is so rightly insisted upon by young men.

But even to go out on Sunday morning, and return the same evening, was a great thing; it did her spirits good and coloured her cheek; she was better for the fresh air, for the fresh scenes, and for the good wholesome plentiful fare. Alice would often remark that it was quite unreasonable to inflict so long a walk upon John; but John would answer, at times, that he would do as much for any one, and at other times that he would do as much for any one—much more for her. Further than this last, the poor fellow's compliments never went, and even this was enough to make him flush up, the colour of a peony rose.

Now why should Alice like the speech best when it stopped short without this personal turn? Partly because she suspected his tender little secret, and could not help him, now or ever; and perhaps partly—if she will forgive me for betraying her so soon, to so many new acquaintances—

because our bright little friend had a tender secret of her own.

John was not the only clerk in Lace and Co's., and they were not all troubled with his excessive bashfulness. Mr. Robert Wilson went perhaps a little to the other extreme, being impetuous and venturesome in most things; but he was a general favourite, and deserved his popularity better than most spoiled young men. He was tall, dark, and well built, intelligent, and had a quick decided way of speaking that made his soft words all the more pleasant, because you did not quite expect them. He was a peasant's son, and had risen to be book-keeper in this large place of business, from carrying parcels for sixpence a day. And it was a not very hazardous prediction that Robert Wilson would rise farther still. His work was never behind; his books were always clean, and his writing was like copper-plate; but he was not a mere clerk who moved in a groove, and could not think beyond it. He had suggested some valuable improvements to Mr. Jackitt; and if that junior partner took a good slice of Wilson's credit to himself, he nevertheless prized the intelligent young man, and made it worth his while to stay in the concern. Wilson lived in a couple of very small rooms, and neither drank nor smoked, and yet he was not penurious. His foible was for books, and if you had turned over their pages in his absence, you would have found multitudes of neat pencillings in the margin of grave treatises upon political economy, the labour-market, and such themes, in French as well as English. Upon the whole, I know very few finer young men; and I am sincerely glad to suspect that Miss Alice, my particular favourite, has sense enough to feel gratified by his attentions. He often meets and walks home with her from business; and he has brought her friend and her to a course of scientific lectures, which he thoroughly enjoyed, which Alice liked simply because she sat beside him, and which were penance of the severest kind to the devoted Miss Standaside.

Now it is rather odd—but I must tell the truth, even though you should not believe me—that Robert Wilson and John Harris were great friends, and yet they had never spoken to each other about the young lady whom they both dearly loved. Wilson had been a Sunday-scholar in the class of Mr. Harris, senior; that gentleman had seen his capacity, encouraged him to go to town, got for him a situation as errand-boy in the shop where his son was apprenticed, and never felt any-

thing but exultation at his own shrewdness, as the youth rose from one step to another, until he was promoted over John's head. John himself was a good-natured young man, and had always been ready to advise and help Robert while his wings were unfledged; but I must not say that he took the second place without a pang. "Robert is a good fellow, I always stood up for him, and I always will; but he's not the only good fellow in the town: he's no miracle, as Mr. Jackitt seems to think—and Lace too, for that matter. Now there will be no standing the conceit of him, I suppose."

It was evident that, much as John Harris rejoiced in his friend's promotion, he would a little rather have had it for himself. I do not presume to blame him in the least; and I am very glad that Robert had the tact to go straight from the private office, when the affair was settled, to where his old acquaintance was standing, looking moodily into the fire. He put his hand upon his shoulder, and John turned round.

"Is that you? I congratulate you, my dear friend, from the bottom of my heart."

Do not be hard upon him, reader, if the congratulation actually came from a somewhat shallower place.

"Thank you," said Robert, "I am quite sure of it, and I came to say that I owe all this to your advice and help when I began, and to Mr. Harris for the chance of beginning at all. I cannot get out to tell him so just now" [because, my dear boy, you have to bring Miss Grey to be lectured about hydrostatics, for which she will care nothing whatever, and perhaps to hint that you are £40 nearer to a marrying income, about which she will not be at all so indifferent, I dare say], "but I hope you will kindly repeat to him what I have said, for indeed I feel it deeply."

"That I will," said John, and he did so; but his jealous mind actually resented the hand upon his shoulder, as a familiarity, although it was an old habit of Robert's, and had always pleased him until now. And he was also vexed at being asked to bring this kindly message home.

"Why could he not write?" he thought; but if Robert had written he would have called him intolerably stiff. Then he remembered the saying—"I owe all this," and was still considering whether "all this" was not a conceited phrase to apply to a paltry clerkship, when Mr. Jackitt sent for him.

"Harris," he said, "I believe you and Wilson are good friends?"

"Yes, sir," said John, somewhat grudgingly.

"I advise you, then, to think much of him, he is a man that will rise high, and serve you yet."

"Thank you, sir; but if I can't get on without

his help, I am content to stay as I am," John answered, feeling more jealous than ever.

Mr. Jackitt looked hard at him for a minute, and went on to say, "I sent for you because I think you ought to know what passed between him and me just now. Do not speak of it, and I need not say do not forget it. I said to him, 'Wilson, we have considered who should take Johnson's place, and I insisted upon your having it, and have carried my point.' Said Wilson, 'Sir, I thank you very much, but perhaps you will allow me to say a word. Harris has been my senior all along, and he's a thoroughly good fellow: I couldn't bear to cut him out.' I was a little surprised, and said tartly, 'See here, Wilson, don't quarrel with your own bread-and-butter.' But he stood quite firm and said, 'Indeed, Mr. Jackitt, I am not ungrateful to you; but I owe Harris more than I can tell, and I cannot get between him and the light. Excuse me, sir, but I really must decline the step.' And he was quite in earnest, so that I could not conquer him until I told the truth, and said, 'Harris won't have it in any case: if you don't take it, we can't keep out that bear of a young Glover, whose father is hoarse and crimson still with fighting for him.' Then he yielded, and I know you never would have heard from him how grandly he behaved. Don't forget it to him, Harris. Good-bye."

Now Harris was really a good fellow, and the tears were in his eyes when he called Wilson aside and thanked him. Yet I cannot say that it helped them to be intimate. They had changed places, and it is hard to be hidden, "Give this man room." Then Wilson had striven to serve him, and it is a trying thing to be patronised (above all, without getting anything from it) by one whom you have hitherto befriended. And further, it had turned out that Glover beat Harris, while Wilson beat even him; and thus he was not one step down, but virtually two. His cheeks tingled when he thought of it: he was for a while most thoughtful toward Wilson, but a little distant, and so it came to pass that they never found it easy to talk about so tender a subject as little Alice Grey. Wilson made successful advances to her six days in every week; Harris only wished to do the same when his chance came round upon the seventh. Yet the young lady saw pretty clearly the state of affairs, and spoke more than once to her aunt about staying in town on Sundays. Of course this would not be heard of; and she could not plainly see her way out of a very disagreeable entanglement. Gentle, unsophisticated Miss Standaside could not in the least advise her what to do, and so she drifted on, week after week. However, I hope the discreet reader may approve of her choice between the two young men.

(To be continued.)

PATTIE.

A STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.



CHAPTER II.

ONE afternoon, not many days after this, Pattie was sitting alone in the room which had once been the nursery, but which was now seldom entered by any of her uncle's family except Phil. She was trying to amuse herself by looking through a book of pictures which had been given to her cousin Adelaide when she was a little girl; but as she had seen them all many times before, she did not find them very amusing, and so she was quite glad when the door opened and Phil entered.

With a most disconsolate look upon his face, the lad threw himself on to a chair, and taking no notice of Pattie, put his hands into his pockets, and stretched out his legs in such a way as to show plainly that he felt himself an ill-used boy.

Pattie turned from her book to regard him intently with wide-opened eyes; and gradually becoming more and more convinced that he must be in some great trouble, ventured at last to ask him what was amiss.

"What's the good of asking questions when you know you can't help one?" was the ungracious response. "If I was to tell you that one of the boys at school has a fishing-rod to sell, and that I can't buy it because I have not money enough by eighteenpence, you wouldn't care, I don't suppose. It is such a beauty, Pattie," added Phil, after a moment's pause, and in a different voice, "the very sort of one I have been longing for ever so long."

"Wouldn't uncle give you the money?" asked Pattie brightly, for it was her private opinion that her uncle's pockets were always full.

Phil shook his head moodily. "He never will give me more than my allowance. I shall have to do without it, I know," and Phil almost groaned; while Pattie's heart, which was always ready to grieve for others, grew quite sorry.

"Wouldn't the boy wait for the money?" she said, after a moment's reflection.

"Don't worry any more," answered Phil, growing very cross and unreasonable again. Girls are so stupid always; of course he won't wait. There's another boy ready to have it if I don't."

Pattie turned back to her book again, with her feelings rather hurt, but she found that she could not fix her mind upon it at all; her thoughts would fly away to two things which came to her remembrance, and which, to tell the truth, she did not want to remember. The first was, that up-stairs in her drawer she had a little money, in a funny old purse Anne had given her; while the second was a verse out of the Bible, which her mamma had taught her months ago: "Be ye kind one to another."

For a little time there was quite a sharp struggle within Pattie's breast between self and kindness; but at last a timid glance at Phil's downcast countenance helped kindness to win the victory. She got up and hurried away to her room, then opened the small drawer, which was yet large enough to hold all her clothes, and then emptied all the money out of her purse.

There was the bright shilling her papa had given her when she came from home, and which she had kept ever since; and there was a curious bent sixpence, with a hole in it. A new fourpenny piece, the gift of Anne in the purse, and two pennies, made up the sum total of her wealth.

"I can't give the sixpence away, because it's such a funny one," whispered Pattie to herself, as she looked at first one and then another of her treasures. "Besides, mamma gave it to me, and she is ill now. Phil shall have the others; he is kind sometimes, and he wants them so badly."

Of course, Phil would not take his little cousin's money only under condition that he should pay it back the first opportunity. Pattie, watching him as he ran down the gravel path on his way to conclude the bargain, did not wish in the least that she had not been generous, for somehow or other it made her feel more as if she were in a home where it was the rule of all to be kind and loving.

Now, children, you all know that the way to win love is to be kind and loving; so you need not be surprised when I tell you that after this Phil seemed to think more of pleasing his little cousin, and to care less and less to tease her, until at last one half-holiday he proposed that she should walk with him to a wood only a short distance from her uncle's house. As you may suppose, Pattie was highly delighted, and started off on her expedition in the best of spirits; trotting contentedly a few steps behind Phil, her wide-brimmed sun hat jogging up and down in the summer breeze.

It was very pleasant in the wood, particularly so to little Pattie, who had never been in one before, and who kept finding new treasures of luscious mosses, berries, and flowers, until her pinafore was quite full, and she could only wish she had brought a basket with her. Then when they sat down to rest the rustling of the leaves, as the breeze crept in and out amongst them to play, made a soothing noise like music, only interrupted now and then by a rabbit or hare running somewhere near in the underwood. Pattie, listening to it, felt her heart brim over with happiness, only she did not say anything to Phil, because he would not have understood.

Poor little Pattie! before long she was to be sobered; for Phil, looking up into a tall elm-tree, caught

sight of what appeared to be a wood-pigeon's nest; and quite disregarding Pattie's earnest entreaties that he would not take it, insisted upon climbing after it, while Pattie stood watching him below, her heart throbbing one minute with fear lest he should fall, and the next with sorrow for the poor bird, which would come home only to find its nest gone. At last, when Phil had climbed high enough, she saw him put out his hand to get the prize; then a feeling that it was indeed very cruel of him to rob the bird filled her heart, and she shut her eyes that she might not see him do it, and did not open them again until a moment after there was a sound of a bough breaking, and of a heavy weight falling close by her.

Now Pattie was a very little girl, and when she first saw Phil lying motionless on the ground it is no wonder that she turned quite sick and faint with fright; but the next moment she knelt down by his side begging him to speak to her. "Please do speak to me, Phil," she urged again and again; "please do open your eyes. You are only trying to frighten me, you know. Oh, do get up!" and the child sobbed with terror.

But Phil lay quite still—he was stunned by his fall; and at last Pattie knew that the only thing she could do would be to go home and tell what had happened. So with some trouble she found her way out of the wood, and then started off running as fast as she could across the fields towards her uncle's house, which she reached at last in a sad state of weariness and fright.

The days which followed were sad and gloomy ones; for after Phil had been brought home, and the doctor had seen him, it was found that he had hurt his head very badly, and for some time no one knew whether he would get well. But he did get well, although he was so ill that for some weeks Pattie was not allowed to go into his room; and when at last one morning Anne took her in, for all she was very glad to see her cousin again, yet she could not help crying a little when she saw how white and changed Phil's face had got, and how nearly all of his rough curly hair had been cut off.

After that first morning the little girl spent more and more time in her cousin's room, whiling away with her talk and gentle play many an hour which would otherwise have passed but wearily to the boy, who had hardly ever before known what illness was, and who was therefore somewhat inclined to be impatient of his long confinement.

And, best of all, the good seed Pattie's mamma had sown in her daughter's heart was all unconsciously bringing forth fruit now; for somehow or other, since Phil had been so ill Pattie had got into the way of repeating to him the little prayers and verses she had learnt at home; and they, together with her trusting speeches about the good God and Father in heaven, were sinking down deeply into the heart of

the careless boy, who had never thought or heard much of those things before, and who had felt very fearful when near to the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

So when at last Pattie's papa came to fetch his child home again, he found that she and Phil had grown very great friends, and that Phil did not seem at all pleased to have to part with her, though it would not be long before he saw her again, for after he had had a long talk with his uncle, he told Pattie that at Christmas-time he was coming up to London to see her.

"And Pattie," added Phil, in a lower voice, and half-shamefully, "now I am well enough to go back to school I am going to try to be a good boy, you know."

Pattie nodded her head gravely. To be good with her meant a very difficult undertaking—sometimes, at any rate; but then it was certainly the only way to be happy.

K. S.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

194. There is a verse in one of the prophets in which the desolation of *four* of the chief cities of the Philistines is distinctly foretold. Quote it.

195. The word "offence" has a twofold meaning in the Old Testament. Quote two passages showing its different meanings.

196. Quote the verse in which God is mentioned for the first time in the New Testament, and point out anything remarkable connected with it.

197. Quote a statement made by Moses which seems to justify the name "Mediator" applied to him in Gal. iii. 19.

198. Quote the passage in which it is distinctly foretold that Christ should be invested with both royalty and priesthood.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 463.

178. 1 Sam. xxiv. 13.

179. Hamath-Zobah (2 Chron. viii. 3).

180. Compare 1 Kings xiii. 18 with Exod. xxxii. 4—"Thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt."

181. 1 Sam. xxx. 25.

182. By Amaziah, when he slew the murderers of his father, but spared their children (2 Kings xiv. 5, 6).

183. 2 Chron. xi. 15—"Those for the high places; those for the devils; those for the calves which he had made."

184. Achish, King of Gath, gave it to David. "Wherefore Ziklag pertaineth unto the kings of Judah unto this day" (1 Sam. xxvii. 6).

185. "Because of sedition" (Ezra iii. 15).

186. They met at the council in Jerusalem, as appears from Gal. ii. 9.

BIBLE NOTES.

PETER'S DRAUGHT OF FISHES (Luke v. 4-11).



LAUNCH out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." The Saviour had finished teaching the people who stood on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, when he turned to Simon, in whose boat he was sitting, and bade him launch forth into the deep, where during the whole previous night he and his companions had toiled unsuccessfully, and had returned weary from their occupation to seek rest, after making everything ready for the next occasion on which they should go forth to their accustomed labour. He was to let down his nets for a draught. Surely there is in these words a promise that success should not be wanting, though the disciple had not just then a great expectation that he would fare better than he had done. The words are used to test the obedience of him who is about being called to a participation in the after toils and struggles of Him who now speaks to him.

"Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." He had heard him addressing the people, enlarging to them no doubt on the subject of his early public discourses—"Repentance: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. iii. 17). The words Peter uses are not those of one who despairs of the issue. They seem to indicate traces of a faith already working in him, which was to increase mightily in the future. He had been naturally disheartened at the failure of his efforts during the preceding night to catch fish, on which the maintenance of his family depended. He had toiled all the night through, the most favourable time for fishing; he had not made spasmodic efforts now and then, but toiled unceasingly, and to no purpose. But his spirits revive at the encouraging words of Jesus. He who had a practical knowledge of the art of fishing, and of the best time at which to seek for his prey, sacrifices his opinion to his faith in Christ. Experience had taught him that the day was no time for fishing, still he sets aside his experience for Christ's word.

"And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes." The net is thrown out in trust, and soon it swarms with fish; it threatens to break when they would draw it back again. They beckoned to their partners who were in the other ship (probably James and John), and to their servants, and they come and help them to make sure of their draught; and so abundant is the draught that the two ships are filled with it, so that they began to sink. This was the blessing that rested upon obedience. The same Lord who created the fish, had

the power to collect them at any particular spot, and did collect them to minister to the matter he had before him in performing this miracle, which foreshadowed the success that would attend the labours of the apostles in drawing the net of the Gospel through the sea of the world.

"Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." At this transaction Peter is overpowered. In these words do his feelings find utterance. He and his companions become aware of something in the Lord which they had not perceived before, which filled them with astonishment and awe (verse 9). How exactly is this speech in keeping with Peter's impetuous character! He falls at Jesus's knees, for he feels that he, a sinful man, is in the presence of One who is holy. The Divine glory of Christ so deeply humbled him that the whole feeling of his sinfulness is aroused in him.

"Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men." What a word of kindness was this from Him who was the friend of sinners! What a reply to the request to depart out of the sinful man's ship, for from him! Thou shalt be a catcher of men alive. This shall be thy occupation in the future, to catch men for life eternal, instead of catching fish for death. We may notice the language in which this promise was clothed. It was familiar to Peter; he he had been, and still was, a catcher of fish; he is henceforth to catch men. And how great is this promise, that he should draw men in such miraculous draughts out of the sea of the world, for the kingdom of God, as he had now made a miraculous draught in his own calling of a fisherman. The direct result of this miracle was the effectual call of four apostles. A greater calling Peter and his partners could not have. They recognised it as such, and forthwith they are resolved; they bring their ships to land, forsake all and follow Jesus. Their "all" may have been of little value, but in this instance it consisted of their fish, nets, ships, home, habits, friends, and hopes. These were freely given up, in order that they might go with Jesus whithersoever he went. It is not the value of what is given up, but the spirit in which it is given up that makes the sacrifice acceptable to him who reads the heart of man. Whenever God commands, our duty is clear; though we see not his reasons, our answer should be, "Lord, at thy word." He will bless our endeavours, we must be obedient, leaving the result to him.

In this miracle the sea may be taken to represent the world; the fishers, preachers; the nets, the Gospel; the ships, the churches; the draught, the success; the shore, eternity.